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LORD, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and  
WILLIAM PHILLIPS.  
In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of  
every question are impartially allowed a hearing.  
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXV. NO. 20.

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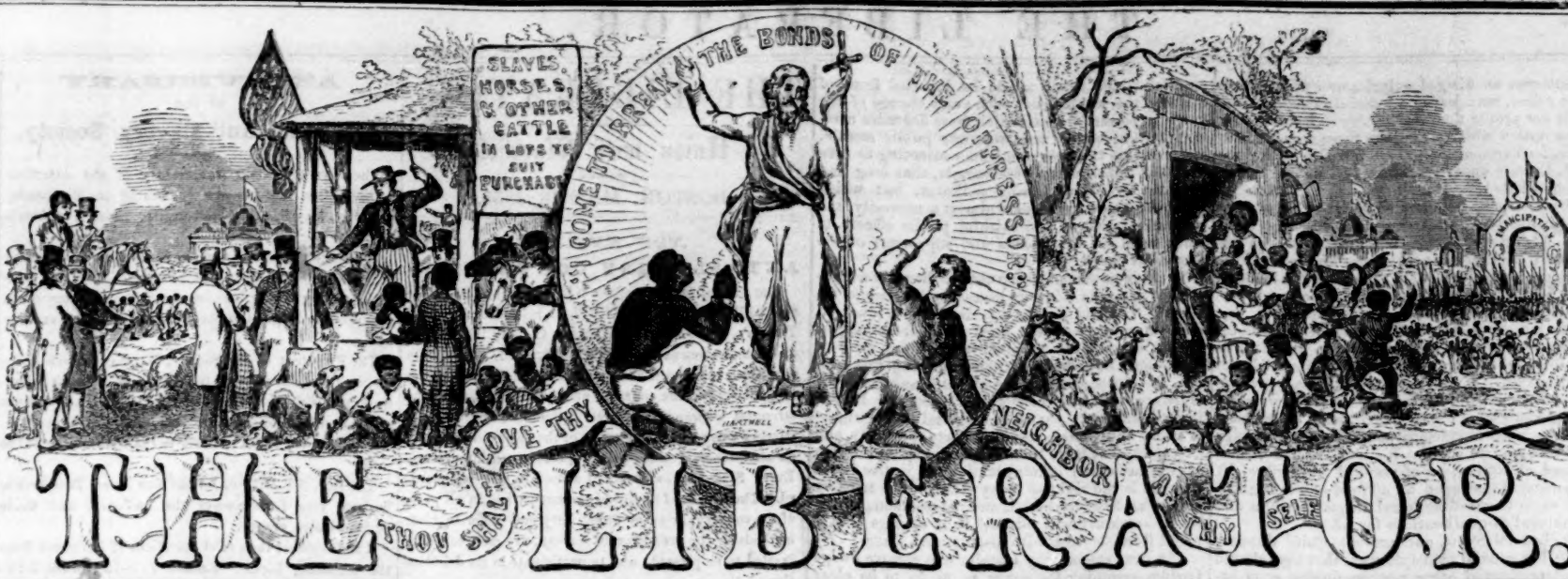
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Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1855.

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No Union with Slaveholders!  
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH,  
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.  
'You! IT CANNOT BE DENIED—the slaveholding  
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their  
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to  
SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR  
SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,  
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was  
the stipulation to SURRENDER FUGITIVE SLAVES—an  
engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,  
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal  
to the principles of popular representation, of a repre-  
sentation for SLAVES—for articles of merchandise, under  
the name of persons.... In fact, the oppressor repre-  
sented the oppressed!... To call government thus consti-  
tuted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of  
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of  
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the  
government of the nation is to establish an artificial  
majority in the slave representation over that of the  
free people, in the American Congress; AND THEREBY  
TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPET-  
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ing a new house, and Finney being anxious for the fill-  
ing, my master called me up and offered to sell  
me. I was then about or nearly ten years of age,  
and after some chaffing about terms, Finney  
agreed to purchase me by the pound.  
How I watched them whilst they were driving  
this bargain! and how I speculated upon the kind of  
man he was who would buy me! His  
venomous countenance inspired me with mortal  
terror, and I almost felt the heavy thong of the  
great riding-whip held in his hand, twisting  
round my shoulders. He was a large, tall fellow,  
and might have killed me easily with one blow  
from his huge fist. He had left his horse at the  
gate, and when the bargain for me was struck, he  
went out and led him to the door, where he took  
the saddle off. I wondered what this was for,  
though suspicious that it had something to do with  
me; nor had I long to wait before I knew. A lad-  
der was set upright against the end of the building  
outside, to one end of which they made a stylized  
fast. The first thing Finney did was to weigh his  
saddle, the weight of which he knew, to see  
whether the stylized was accurately adjusted.  
Having satisfied himself of this, a rope was  
brought, both ends of which were tied together,  
so that it formed a large nose or loop. This was  
hitched over the hook of the stylized, and I was  
tied in the loop. After I had been weighed  
there was a detour made for the rope. I do not  
recollect what I weighed, but the price I was sold  
for amounted to three hundred and ten dollars.  
Within five minutes after, Finney paid the money,  
and I was marched off. I looked round and saw  
my poor mother stretching out her hands after me.  
She ran up, and overtook me, but Finney, who was  
behind me and between me and my mother, would  
not let her approach, though she begged and prayed  
to be allowed to kiss me for the last time, and  
bid me good bye. I was so stupefied with grief  
and fright, that I could not shed a tear, though my  
heart was bursting. At last we got to the gate,  
and I turned round to see whether I could not get  
a chance of kissing my mother. She came up, and  
made a dash forward to meet me, but Finney gave  
me a hard push, which sent me spinning through  
the gate. He then slammed it to, and shut it in  
my mother's face. That was the last time I ever  
saw her, nor do I know whether she is alive or  
dead at this hour.

We were in a new house, about a hundred and  
fifty yards from the gate, and which led from the gate  
to the house. I walked on before Finney, utterly  
unconscious of anything. I seemed to have be-  
come quite bewildered. I was aroused from this  
state of stupor by seeing that we had reached the  
main road, and had come up with a gang of neg-  
roes, some of whom were handcuffed two and  
three together, and were running between the  
two ranks. There were also a good many wo-  
men and children, but none of these were chained.  
The children seemed to be all above ten years of  
age, and I soon learnt that they had been pur-  
chased in different places, and were for the most  
part strangers to one another and to the negroes in  
the coffle. They were waiting for Finney to come  
up, and I fell into the rank, and we set off on our  
journey to Georgia.

I was ploughing one day, some long time after  
the march, with what we call a buzzard plough.  
It made so as to cut under the roots of the grass  
and weeds that choke the cotton, and must be used  
carefully, or it will go too deep, and leave the roots  
of the plants exposed to the sun, when the plant  
will wither and die. The share was loose on the  
helve, and would not run true, so I could not  
do my work quickly or well, as I had to keep stoop-  
ing down to set the share true. Stevens saw me,  
came up, and asked me why I did not plough bet-  
ter. I explained to him why, and showed him  
that the plough ran too deep. I supposed for this pur-  
pose, and was cleaning the dirt off from the share  
with my hands, when he viciously raised his fist,  
which was heavily shod, and unexpectedly dealt  
me a kick with all his might. The blow struck me  
right between the eyes, breaking the bone of my  
nose, and cutting the leaders of the right eye, so  
that the plough ran round in its socket. I was  
at the moment, and fell, my mouth filling  
with blood, which also poured from my nose and  
eyes. In spite of the pain, and though I could  
scarcely see, I got up and resumed my work, con-  
taining my eye. He washed the blood from my  
face, and got a ball of tallow, and an old handker-  
chief from John Sally, the cook up at the house.  
He gently pressed the ball of tallow, made warm  
against the displaced eye, until he forced it back  
into its proper position, when he put some cotton  
over it, and bound it up with the handkerchief.  
In about a fortnight, I was able to have the hand-  
saw removed, but my eye remained very bad, and  
it was more than two months before I could use it  
at all. The other eye was also seriously affected,  
the inflammation having extended to it. I have  
never been able to see so well since, and cannot  
now look long at print without suffering much pain.  
The letters seem cloudy. To this day, my right  
eye has remained out of its proper place.

The bull-whip is a dreadful instrument of tor-  
ture, which I say as well describe in this place.  
First, a stock is chosen of a convenient length,  
the butt of which is loaded with lead, to give the  
whip force. The stock is then cleverly split to  
within a foot or so of the butt, into twelve strips.  
A piece of tanned leather, divided into eight strips,  
is then drawn on the stock, so that the split length  
of the wooden stock and the strips of leather can  
be plaited together. This is done very regularly,  
until the leather straps down to quite a fine point,  
the whip being altogether about six feet long, and  
as limber and lithesome as a snake. The thong  
does not bruise, but cuts; and those who are ex-  
pert in the use of it, can do so with such dex-  
terity, as to only raise the skin and draw blood,  
or cut clear through to the bone, or have seen  
board, a quarter of an inch thick, cut through  
with it, at one blow. I have also seen a man fasten  
a bullet to the end of the thong, and after giving  
the whip a whirl round his head, send the  
thong whizzing forward, and drive the bullet into  
a door. This fearful instrument is called a 'bull-  
whip,' because it is the master of all whips. It  
is also employed to 'whip down' savage bulls, or  
unruly cattle. I have seen many a horse cut with  
it right through the hollow of the flank, and the  
animal brought quivering to the ground. The way  
of using it is to whirl it round the head until the  
thong acquires a certain forward power, and then  
at the end of the thong fall across the back, or  
on the part intended to be cut, the arm being  
drawn back with a kind of sweep. But although  
it is so formidable an instrument, it is seldom em-  
ployed on slaves in such a manner as to disable  
them, for the 'licks' are always regulated to an  
extreme nicety, so as only to cut the flesh and draw  
blood. But this is quite bad enough, and my  
readers will readily comprehend that, with the fear  
of this punishment ever before us at Jeppsey James',  
it was no wonder we did our utmost to make up  
our daily weight of cotton in the hamper.  
I suppose I had the misfortune to get a run of







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## POETRY.

From the New York Independent.

## THE TRUE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1855.

To the Editors of the Liberator:

I enclose you for publication—should you, in consideration of the illustration of slavery which it affords, consent to sully your fair pages with it—a copy of verses which represent very forcibly the argument and ideas of the "Chivalry" in regard to their peculiar institution. The history of the composition is briefly this: A young Virginian lady once asked an English traveler, who was partaking of her father's hospitality, for a contribution to her album. He, in the dearth of originality, but with an honesty and good purpose which caused him, compelled by copying those lines in which Cooper, the great English poet, protests that he would rather be than have a slave. The next victim of the album was Mr. —, of Savannah, Ga., and these were the "rejoinder lines" which he appended. What the "pinned mechanics" of the North may think of the estimation in which they are held by the "lordly Norman whites" of Georgia and Virginia, we cannot tell—let them answer for themselves.

VINCE.

Still let the canting dastard whine  
Of common brats and equal rights—  
Degrading to the negro's line,  
The lordly Norman whites!

Still let the Moloch-chiefs of trade  
From starving women wring their bread—  
Show Northern poor and Southern poor!  
You'll find our slaves are fed.

What! shall we turn our finer brain  
To gross pursuits and menial toil?  
And hew the wood and plow the plain  
Of our ancestral soil?

Shall we to your unmarked pretence  
Of "philanthropic zeal" conform?  
Go! feel your poor, and house your poor!  
Our slaves are clothed and warm.

For nature unto each decreed  
A different task and different powers:  
The negro's lot to serve our need—  
The converse of your host!

Each night how many a ruined soul  
Leaps from your gilded "bridge of sighs!"  
Ay! let the corner unroll  
His work before your eyes!

We will not cast our children forth:  
Too well we know, by ear and eye,  
The tender mercies of that North,  
Where slaves are free—to die!

Responsible to God, we fill  
Towards this redeemed, barbarian race—  
While yet their bondage is his will—  
The lord and father's place.

You hire your helots for their health,  
You scorn them in their hour of need:  
From out your youth you build your wealth—  
Their age itself must feed.

Through all the long revolving years,  
Our household altars burn as bright;  
The serf nor age nor sickness fears—  
Our substance is his right.

What God decreed and Christ confirmed,  
An ordinance since the world began,  
Is now a crime, a horror—termed—  
Because of Britain's ban!

Yet England's hands are clogged with blood—  
Her myriad slaves from famine fly;  
Or—all too poor to cross the leaden  
In breadless bondage die.

Then, let the canting pirates plod  
Through all their pious for human rights;  
And crush beneath their iron rod  
The weak, enchain the white!

Still let the Moloch-chiefs of trade  
From starving women wring their bread—  
Go! feel your poor, and house your poor!  
Our slaves are warm and fed.

From the New York Tribune.

## THE NAMELESS PEOPLE.

Smitten and branded and manacled,  
A homeless and nameless nation,  
Unstirred, despised by the centuries,  
Crouching in dull adoration  
Beside our temples and palaces,  
And stooping to our feet to tread,  
Stolid, untutored and languageless,  
It utters no love, no anger,  
But grinneth in hopeless apathy,  
Or drowns in brainless languor,  
Mid harvests and treasures, whose lordliness  
It claimeth less than the dead.

Aliens and foemen by heritage,  
We bar them afar from our slumber;  
We clog them with statutes of jealousy,  
We muse if they gather in number:  
Beside us, yet stricken with banishment!  
Among us, yet foreign in soul!  
The patriot seeketh no sympathy  
In them for their country's glory;  
The statesman hopes in their brutishness,  
When he ponders our coming story;  
We smother the anthems of liberty  
Which over their cabins might roll.

A shadow behind our prosperity,  
A menacing spectre, though humble;  
A mute, mysterious prophecy,  
Their multitudes murmur and mumble  
A spell o'er our nation's futurity,  
Which dies ere it reaches our ken.  
What shall the ending be?—Bitterness?  
Shall these helot millions ever  
Stand hushed aside from humanity?  
No shattering exodus sever  
Their bonds?—No fatal necessity  
Destroy them, or blazon them men?

Shall this Samsen, sightless with ignorance,  
And dangled in servile terror,  
Ne'er bow in our temple of selfishness  
Against its columns of error,  
And make it a hideous sepulchre,  
Entombing his shame and our might?  
What wind shall quicken the skeletons,  
And flash them forth to slaughter?  
Guard well, O lovely posterity!  
Thy treasures, thy delicate daughters!  
Keep arms within grasping! set sentinels!  
The spoiler may come in the night.

No! we will wander, like Israel,  
Through wastes jawning, but holden;  
No wheels shall fall from our chariots;  
We will bribe Jehovah with golden  
Fanes. No mess shall frustrate  
The beautiful ways of our pride.  
O! soothe us with flattering oracles;  
Cast horoscopes stary with splendor!  
Muffle the footsteps of Destiny,  
Blind the prophet of God's offender;  
Let us hasten to die: Futurity  
Hath secrets of horror to hide.

VAGABOND.

## SPEECH AT THE MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE IN BOSTON, MAY 29, 1851.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

The subject of debate was, "The Duty of Ministers under the Fugitive Slave Law." This had been brought up, by Rev. Mr. May, of Syracuse, at a "Business Meeting" of the American Unitarian Association, and was referred to a hearing. It was again brought forward at a meeting of the Ministerial Conference on Wednesday. The Conference adjourned to Thursday morning, at nine o'clock.

On Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, a good deal was done to prevent the matter from being discussed at all; and done, it seemed to me, in a disingenuous and unfair manner. And on Thursday morning, much time was consumed on mere trifles, apparently with the intention of wearing away the few hours which would otherwise be occupied in discussing the matter at issue, before the Conference. At length, the question was reached, and the debate began.

Several persons spoke. Mr. Pierpont made a speech, able and characteristic, in which he declared that the Fugitive Slave Bill lacked all the essentials of a law; that it had no claim to obedience; and that it could not be administered with a pure heart or unalloyed conscience.

Several others made addresses. Rev. Mr. Osgood, of New York, defended his ministerial predecessor, Rev. Dr. Dewey, making two points.

1. Dr. Dewey's conduct had been misrepresented; he had never said that he would send his own mother into slavery, to preserve the Union; it was only his son, or brother. [Mr. Parker remarked that the principle was the same in all three cases, there was only a diversity of measure.]

2. Dr. Dewey's motives had been misrepresented. He had conversed with Dr. Dewey; and Dr. Dewey felt very bad; was much afflicted—even to weeping, at the misrepresentations made of him. He had not been understood. Dr. Dewey met Dr. Furness in the street, [Dr. Furness had most manfully preached against the Fugitive Slave Act, and thereby drew upon himself much odium in Philadelphia, and the indignation of some of his clerical brethren elsewhere.] and said, "Brother Furness, you have taken the easy road to duty. It is for me to take the hard and difficult way! I wish it could be otherwise. But I fear the dissolution of the Union!" etc. etc.

Mr. Osgood then proceeded to censure "one of this Conference, [Mr. Parker,] for the manner in which he had preached on this matter of the Fugitive Slave Law." "It was very bad; it was unjust!" etc.

Rev. Dr. Gannett spoke at some length.

1. He said the brethren had laughed, and shown an indecorum that was painful; it was unpardonable. [The Chairman, Rev. Dr. Farley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., thought otherwise.]

2. He criticized severely the statement of Rev. Mr. Pierpont, that the Fugitive Slave Law "could not be administered with a pure heart or unalloyed conscience." [Mr. Pierpont affirmed it anew, and briefly defended the statement. Mr. Gannett still appeared dissatisfied.] His parishioner, Mr. George T. Curtis, had the most honorable motives in attempting to execute the law.

3. He [Dr. Gannett] was in a minority, and the majority had no right to think that he was not as honest in his opinion as the rest.

4. Here Dr. Gannett made two points of the Fugitive Slave Bill, of making and obeying it.

(1.) If we did not obey it, the disobedience would lead to the violation of all laws. There were two things—Law without Liberty; and Liberty without Law. Law without Liberty was only despotism; Liberty without Law only license. Law without Liberty was the better of the two. If we began by disobeying any one law, we should come to violating all laws.

(2.) We must obey it to preserve the Union: without the Fugitive Slave Law, the Union would have been dissolved; if it were not obeyed, it would also be dissolved; and then he did not know what would become of the cause of Human Freedom and Human Rights.

Then Rev. George E. Ellis of Charleston spoke. He would not have the Conference pass any resolutions; he stood on the first principles of Congregationalism; that the minister was not responsible to his brethren, but to himself and his God. So the brethren have no right to come here, and discuss and condemn the opinions or the conduct of a fellow-minister. We cannot bind one another; we have no right to criticize and condemn.

Next he declared his hatred of the Fugitive Slave Bill. If we must either keep it or lose the Union, he said, "Perish the Union." He had always said so, and preached so.

After Mr. Ellis, Mr. Parker also spoke as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—I am one of those that laughed with the rest, and incurred the displeasure of Dr. Gannett. It was not from lightness, however; I think no one will accuse me of that. I am earnest enough; so much so as to be grim. Still, it is natural even for a grim man to laugh sometimes; and in times like these, I am glad we can laugh.

I am glad my friend, Mr. Ellis, said the brethren had no right here to criticize and condemn the opinions of one of their brethren: but I wish he and they had come to this opinion ten years ago. I should have been a gainer by it; for this is the first time for nine years that I have attended this Conference without hearing something which seemed said with the intention of insulting me. I will not say I should have been in general a happier man, if Mr. Ellis's advice had been followed; say, if he had always followed it himself; but I should have sat with a little more comfort in this body, if they had thought I was not responsible to them for my opinions.

I am glad also to hear Dr. Gannett say we have no right to attribute improper motives to any one who differs from us in opinion. It was rather gratuitous, however; no man has done it here to-day. But it is true, no man has a right thus to "judge another." But I will remind Dr. Gannett that a few years ago, he and I differed in opinion on a certain matter of considerable importance, and after clearly expressing our difference, I said: "Well, there is an honest difference of opinion between us;" and he said, "Not an honest difference of opinion, Brother Parker; for he called me 'Brother,' then, and not 'Mr.,' as since, and now, when he has publicly said he cannot take my hand fraternally." Still, there was an honest difference of opinion on his part as well as mine.

Mr. Osgood apologizes for Dr. Dewey—that is, he defends his motives. I am glad that he does not undertake to defend his conduct, only to deny that he [Dr. Dewey] uttered the words alleged. But I am sorry to say I cannot agree with Mr. Osgood in his defence. I do not believe a word of it to be true; I have evidence enough that he said so.

Mr. Gannett, in demanding obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, made two points, namely; if it be not obeyed, first, we shall violate all human laws; and next, there will be a dissolution of the Union.

Let me say a word of each. But first, let me say that I attribute no unmanly motive to Mr. Gannett. I thought him honest when he denied that I was; I think him honest now. I know him to be conscientious, laborious, and self-denying. I think he would sacrifice himself for another's good. I wish he could now sink through the floor for two or three minutes, that I might see of him absent yet more of honorable praise, which I will not insult him with, or address to him while before my face. Let me only say this, that if there be any men in this Conference who honor and esteem Dr. Gannett, I trust I am second to none of them. But I do not share his opinions nor partake of his fears. His arguments for obeying the Fugitive Slave Law, (as inconsequential,) I think are of no value.

If we do not obey this law, he says we shall disobey all laws. It is not so. There is not a country in the world where there is more respect for human laws than in New England; nowhere more than in Massachusetts. Even if a law is unpopular, it is not popular to disobey it. Our courts of justice are popular bodies; nowhere are Judges more respected than in New England. No

officer, constable or sheriff, hangman or jail-keeper, is unpopular, on account of his office. Nay, it is popular to inform against your neighbor when he violates the law of the land. This is not so in any other country of the Christian world; but the informer is infamous everywhere else.

Why are we thus loyal to law? First, because we make the laws ourselves, and for ourselves; and next, because the laws actually represent the conscience of the People, and help them keep the laws of God. The value of human laws is only this—to conserve the Great Eternal Law of God; to enable us to keep that; to hinder us from disobeying that. So long as laws do this, we shall obey them. New England will be loyal to such laws.

But the Fugitive Slave Law is one which contradicts the acknowledged precepts of the Christian religion, universally acknowledged. It violates the noblest instincts of humanity; it asks us to trample on the law of God. It commands what Nature, Religion, and God alike forbid; it forbids what Nature, Religion, and God alike command. It tends to defeat the object of all just human law; it tends to annihilate the observance of the Law of God. So, faithful to God, to Religion, to Human Nature, and in the name of Law itself, we protest against this particular statute, and trample it under our feet.

Who is it that opposes the Fugitive Slave Law? Men that have always been on the side of 'law and order,' and do not violate the statutes of men for their own advantage. This disobedience to the Fugitive Slave Law is one of the strongest guarantees for the observance of any just law. You cannot trust a people who will keep law because it is law; nor need we distrust a people that will only keep a law when it is just. The Fugitive Slave Law itself, if obeyed, will do more to overturn the power of human law, than all disobedience to it—the most complete.

Then as to dissolution of the Union. I [have] thought if any State wished to go, she had a natural right to do so. But what States wished to go? Certainly not New England; by no means. Massachusetts has always been attached to the Union—has made sacrifices for it. In 1775, if she had said, 'There shall be no Revolution,' there would have been none. But she furnished nearly half the soldiers for the war, and more than half of the money. In '87, if Massachusetts had said, 'Let there be no Union!' there would have been none. It was with difficulty that Massachusetts assented to the Constitution. But that once formed, she has adhered to it; faithfully adhered to the Union. When has Massachusetts failed in allegiance to it? No man can say. There is no danger of a dissolution of the Union: the men who make the cry that it is vain and deceitful. You cannot drive us asunder—just yet.

But suppose that was the alternative: that we must have the Fugitive Slave Law, or dissolution. Which were the worst? which comes nearest to the law of God, which we all are to keep? It is very plain. Now, for the first time since '87, many men of Massachusetts calculate the value of the Union. What is it worth? Is it worth to us so much as Conscience; so much as Freedom; so much as allegiance to the law of God? Let any man by his hand on his heart and say, 'I will sacrifice all these for the union of the thirty States!' For my own part, I would rather see my own house burnt to the ground, and my family thrown, one by one, amid the blazing rafters of my own roof, and I myself be thrown in last of all, rather than have a single fugitive slave sent back as Thomas Sims was sent back. Nay, I should rather see this Union dissolved! till there is not a territory so large as the county of Suffolk! Let us lose every thing but fidelity to God.

Mr. Osgood reflects on me for my sermon; to me, as a man poor enough. You know it, if you try to read such as are in print. I speak it better than you. But I am not a going to speak honeyed words and prophesy smooth things in times like these, and say, 'Peace! Peace! when there is no peace!'

A little while ago, we were told we must not preach on this matter of slavery, because it was 'an abstraction'; then, because the 'North was all right on that subject'; and then, because we 'had nothing to do with it.' We must go to Charleston or New Orleans to see it! But now it is a most concrete thing. We see what public opinion is on the matter of slavery; what it is in Boston; nay, what it is with members of this Conference. It favors slavery and this wicked law! We need not go to Charleston and New Orleans to see slavery; our own court-house was a barracoon; our officers of this city were slave hunters, and members of Unitarian churches in Boston are kidnappers.

I have in my church black men, fugitive slaves. They are the crown of my apostrophe, the seal of my ministry. It becomes me to look after their bodies in order to 'save their souls.' This law has brought us into the most intimate connection with the sin of slavery. I have been obliged to keep my own parishioners into my house, to keep them out of the clutches of the kidnapper. Yes, gentlemen, I have been obliged to do that; and then to keep my doors guarded by day as well as by night. Yes, I have had to arm myself. I have written my sermons with a pistol in my desk—loaded, a cap on the nipple, and ready for action. Yes, with a drawn sword within reach of my right hand. This I have done in Boston; in the middle of the nineteenth century; been obliged to do it, to defend the [innocent] members of my own church, women as well as men!

You know that I do not like fighting. I am no non-resistant; that 'nonense' never went down with me. But it is no small matter which will compel me to shed human blood. But what could I do? I was born in a little town where the fight and bloodshed of the Revolution began. The bones of the men who first fell in that war are covered by the monument at Lexington; it is 'sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind'; those men fell 'in the sacred cause of God and their country.' This is the first inscription that I ever read. These men were my kindred. My grandfather drew the first sword in the Revolution; my fathers fired the first shot; the blood which flowed there was kindred to this which courses in my veins to-day. Besides that, when I write in my library at home, on the one side of me is the Bible which my fathers prayed over, their morning and their evening prayer, for nearly a hundred years. On the other side, there hangs the firelock my grandfather fought with in the old French war, which he carried at the battle of Lexington; and beside it is another, a trophy of that war, the first gun taken in the Revolution, taken also by my grandfather. With these things before me, these symbols—with these memories in me—as a parishioner, a fugitive from slavery, a woman, pursued by the kidnappers, case to my house, what could I do less than take her in and defend her to the last? But who sought her life—or liberty? A parishioner of my Brother Gannett came to kidnap a member of my church. Mr. Gannett preached a sermon to justify the Fugitive Slave Law, demanding that it should be obeyed; yes, calling on his church members to kidnap mine, and sell them into bondage for ever. Yet, all this while, Mr. Gannett calls himself 'a Christian,' and me an 'Infidel'; his doctrine is 'Christianity,' mine is only 'Infidelity'; 'Deism,' at the best!

O my Brothers, I am not afraid of men: I can offend them. I care nothing for their hate, or their esteem. I am not very careful of my reputation. But I should not dare to violate the Eternal Law of God. You have called me 'Infidel.' Surely, I differ widely enough from you in my theology. But there is one thing I cannot fail to trust; that is the infinite God, Father of the white man, Father also of the white man's slave. I should not dare violate His Laws, come what may;—should you? Nay, I can love nothing so well as I love my God.

Mr. May, of Syracuse, afterwards objected to the word 'nonense,' as applied to non-resistance. The phrase was quoted from another member of the Conference, whose eye caught mine while speaking, and suggested his own language.

From the Rochester, (N. Y.) 'Horticulturalist.'

**PRESERVATION OF THE WOODS AND FORESTS.**

The questions, how long, at the present rate of waste and consumption, will it be before the woods and forests of the United States will have disappeared, and what will be the consequences, seem to us well worthy of attention at the present time.

Ten years ago, good 'hard wood'—Beech, Maple, Hickory, &c.—sold in the market here for \$2.50 per cubic foot. The price has since risen to \$4.00. The population is using coal instead of wood for fuel. The stores now offered for sale throughout the city are nearly all constructed for coal burning; and were it not for the general prejudice against coal as fuel, among those who have never used it, the use of wood would be totally abandoned. In a very few years, the use of wood for fuel in Rochester will be a thing of the past. The population is using coal instead of wood for fuel. The stores now offered for sale throughout the city are nearly all constructed for coal burning; and were it not for the general prejudice against coal as fuel, among those who have never used it, the use of wood would be totally abandoned. In a very few years, the use of wood for fuel in Rochester will be a thing of the past.

So it is with timber for the arts. In ten years, the price has advanced one-half; and many kinds—such as Oak, Walnut, Whiteoak, &c.—formerly, and but a short time ago, abundant, are now obtained with difficulty and in limited quantities. Pine lands in the southern part of the State of New York, that less than ten years ago were utterly valueless, are now held about as high as the finest wheat-land of the Genesee valley. And while the price of wood is rising, the price of coal is falling. We have less and less coal, and more and more wood. The most remote and secluded forests in the State have been invaded by the railroad and the steam saw-mill; and yet prices are advancing rapidly. This affords an ominous presage of the future. If you go into the woods and forests will have totally disappeared. Under these circumstances, the high price of wood commands shows most conclusively how scarce it has become.

It is not with timber for the arts. In ten years, the price has advanced one-half; and many kinds—such as Oak, Walnut, Whiteoak, &c.—formerly, and but a short time ago, abundant, are now obtained with difficulty and in limited quantities. Pine lands in the southern part of the State of New York, that less than ten years ago were utterly valueless, are now held about as high as the finest wheat-land of the Genesee valley. And while the price of wood is rising, the price of coal is falling. We have less and less coal, and more and more wood. The most remote and secluded forests in the State have been invaded by the railroad and the steam saw-mill; and yet prices are advancing rapidly. This affords an ominous presage of the future. If you go into the woods and forests will have totally disappeared. Under these circumstances, the high price of wood commands shows most conclusively how scarce it has become.

Not long ago, we saw it stated in a French journal, that the population of certain districts had made application to the government, to aid in establishing plantations of trees, as the cutting down of the forests had so affected their climate as to render cultivation difficult and unprofitable. Emerson, in his *Trees of Massachusetts*, brings forward several facts bearing on this point. He says:

Another use of forests is to serve as conductors of electricity between the clouds and its great reservoir, the earth; thus giving activity to the vital powers of plants, and leading the clouds to discharge their contents upon the earth. A few tall trees on the summit of a hill are sufficient to produce this effect. A charged thunder cloud, which passes unbroken over a bare hill, will pour down its moisture, if its electricity is drawn off by these natural conductors. The dry steppes of Spain, and some parts of Spain, anciently very fertile, is probably owing, in a great degree, to the improvident destruction of the forests, and the absurd laws which discourage their renewal. The forests also coat the earth, and keep it warm in winter, shutting in the central heat which would otherwise more rapidly radiate into space and be lost. If you go into the woods at the end of a severe winter, you may anywhere easily drive down a stake, without impediment from the frost; while in the open field by their edge, you find a foot or more of earth frozen solid. Forests act not less favorably as a protection against the excessive heat of the summer's sun, which rapidly evaporates the moisture and parches up the surface. The dry steppes of Spain, and some parts of Spain, anciently very fertile, is probably owing, in a great degree, to the improvident destruction of the forests, and the absurd laws which discourage their renewal. The forests also coat the earth, and keep it warm in winter, shutting in the central heat which would otherwise more rapidly radiate into space and be lost. If you go into the woods at the end of a severe winter, you may anywhere easily drive down a stake, without impediment from the frost; while in the open field by their edge, you find a foot or more of earth frozen solid. 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